

★ STAR ★ RANGER

FUN --- ACTION --- EXCITEMENT

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
APRIL
1937
10¢

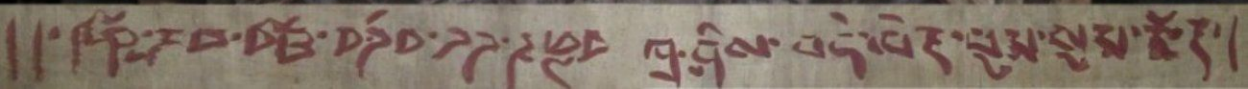


"We must-a took
the wrong road -
this can't be Montana"

PICTORIAL STORIES OF THE GOLDEN WEST



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"We must-a took
the wrong road -
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PICTORIAL STORIES OF THE GOLDEN WEST

To a Pinto Pony

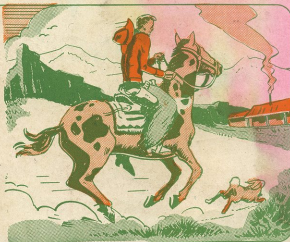
Clickety-clack,
Clickety-clack!
His hoofs hit the ground
With a clickety-clack.
His mane is a-flyin'
As he keeps on a-tryin'
To keep up the rhythm of
Clickety-clack.



Clickety-clack,
Clickety-clack!
His rider keeps bobbin'
Along on his back.
He goes where he's guided,
Be it smooth or lop-sided--
And keeps up the rhythm of
Clickety-clack.



Clickety-clack,
Clickety-clack!
Through daylight and darkness.
With man on his back!
He fears no disaster
But trusts in his master--
And on goes the rhythm of
Clickety-clack.



The Roundup

a personal chat with the editor

WELL IT'S HERE!

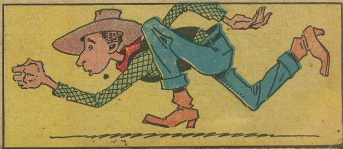
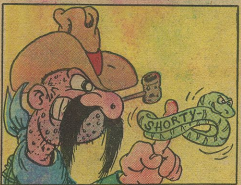
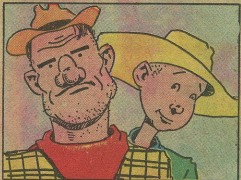
Yes, folks, STAR RANGER is making its second personal appearance, in a sensational drama, entitled, "It's All For You!" with no effort spared on the part of the cast to help make your time with us more enjoyable, your thrills more thrilling and your laughs more spontaneous.

It has been with serious consideration that we weighed the contents of this issue, taking away here and adding there. Developing STAR RANGER somehow reminds us of growing a garden.

First you lay out a plot of ground, plant some seeds and let them grow. And when the flowers begin to bloom you look over the results of your labors to see if you have obtained the effect you had intended. Sometimes you find too much of one color and not enough of another; so you weed out and transplant and add new flowers. And when you are finished you have a garden more perfect in arrangement, more balanced in content and more beautiful to look at.

With a similar purpose in mind, we began to check over STAR RANGER and to weed and transplant and rearrange. We felt that the heavier stories — the purples and deep blues of our magazine garden — would be enhanced greatly with the addition of some bright reds and yellows. And you will find this issue trending toward the lighter, more humorous side of life.

For after all, while we want you to get thrills and excitement from our pages, THERE'S NO FUN LIKE LAUGHING.



STAR RANGER

HARRY A. CHESLER
EDITOR & PUBLISHER
KENNETH FITCH, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

NO. 2

APRIL, 1937



10c

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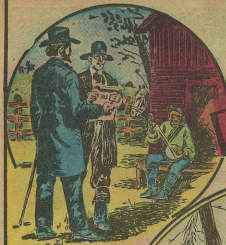
Tenderfoot Mary
Cowboy Jake
Home On The Range
Gopher Moore
Pinto Pete
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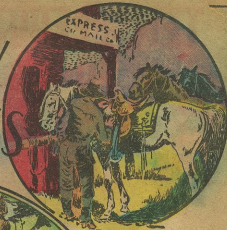
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The PONY EXPRESS



Good
Kentucky
running
horses
were
purchased
for this
hazardous
undertaking



Riders gave
their horses
the best of
care and
kept them
always
ready for
an
immediate
dash

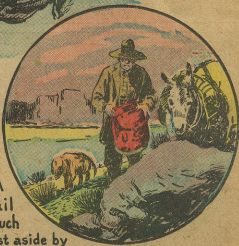


Indians
pursued
the
riders
constantly



Many
times the
horses fell
with broken
legs. The wolves

attacked relentlessly. Therefore only
sturdy men were accepted for this job



A
mail
pouch
cast aside by
indians after killing rider was found
by a prospector three years later. De-
spite exposure mail was in good condition.

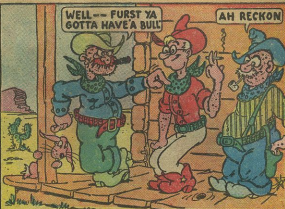
TENDERFOOT JOE



AW I CAN THROW THE BULL EASY

YOU BET YA CAN

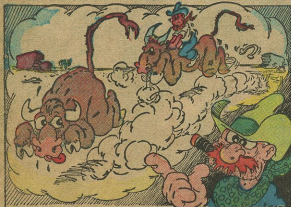
TENDERFOOT JOE, the city chap.
Had not an ounce of fear
Lots of nerve when he declared
He'd throw the wildest steer.



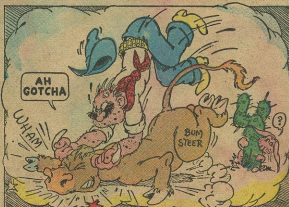
WELL -- FURST YA GOTTA HAVE A BULL

AH RECKON

"You boys will have to tell me first
Just how it should be done."
"We surely will!" they all agreed,
"For teaching you is fun!"



First, you hop upon your horse,
Then we turn loose the steer
You gallop right behind him
Until you get right near



AH GOTCHA

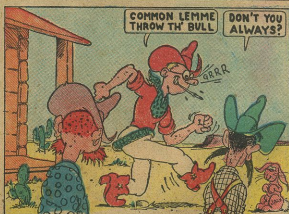
Then you leap from off your horse,
Grab him by the horns!
Don't let him step upon your feet,
Or tread upon your corns."



GOSH IS THAT ALL THERE IS TO IT?

NOT WANTED JEST NOW

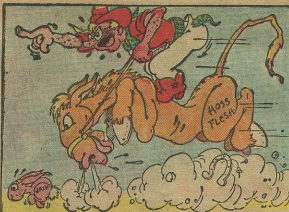
Joe said, "It's quite as simple
As falling off a log!"
He didn't seem to know it,
But his mind was in a fog.



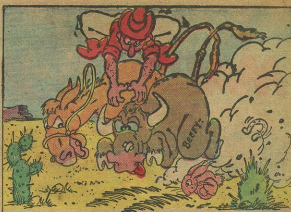
COMMON LEMME THROW TH' BULL

DON'T YOU ALWAYS?

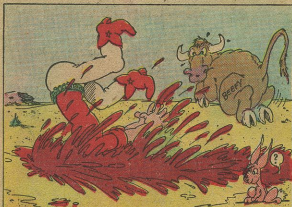
"Bring on the steer!" he loudly yelled,
"I'll toss him to the ground!
I'll teach a steer he can't be tough
With chaps like me around!"



Joe had hopped upon his horse.
The snorting beast was loose!
He galloped off to catch him
(And was cooking his own goose.)



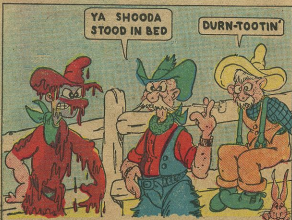
He soon was right behind him!
The boys began to weep!
They said a prayer for poor old Joe
As he prepared to leap!



He missed the horns and landed
With a dull and sickly thud.
The sad part was he landed
In a pool of sticky mud!



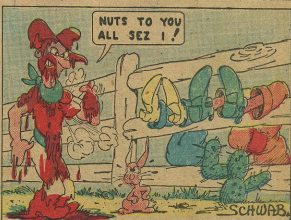
When he stood up he heard the crowd
Roaring with delight.
His blackened face and muddy clothes
Made quite a funny sight!



YA SHOODA
STOOD IN BED

DURN-TOOTIN'

"You didn't do," they said to Joe,
"Just as you were told.
You're suppose to grab the horns
Before you take your hold!"



"I found that out!" said poor old Joe,
"It was no joy or bliss!
I also found what happens
When you reach for horns and miss!"

SCHWAB.

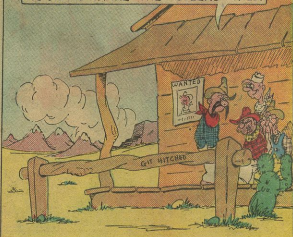
TENDERFOOT MARY

THAT CITY GAL SURE DON'T KNOW NOthin. SHE THINKS A RANGE IS SOMETHING TO COOK ON.

AH-RECON



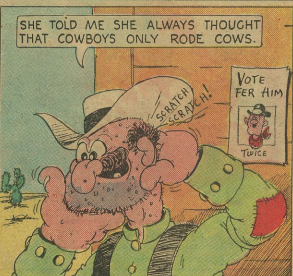
SHE ASKED ME THIS MORNING WHAT WE DID TO MAKE THE STEERS WILD.



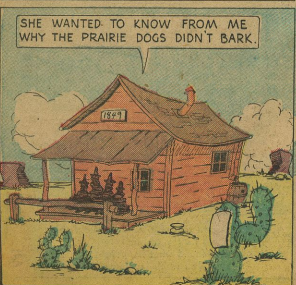
JES LIKE ALL THEM TENDERFOOT WOMEN.



SHE TOLD ME SHE ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT COWBOYS ONLY RODE COWS.



SHE WANTED TO KNOW FROM ME WHY THE PRAIRIE DOGS DIDN'T BARK.



WILL ONE OF YOU BOYS LEND ME A BRANDING IRON. I WANT TO DO UP A COUPLE OF SHIRTS.



THE GHOSTS OF GHOST TOWN

BY
"Ken" FITCH

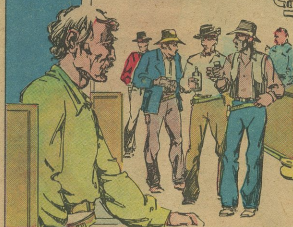
WELL, MEN, THAR AIN'T A SIGN O' THE FOUR MEN WHO DISAPPEARED. GOIN' ON FIVE WEEKS NOW AND NARY A TRACE.

SHORE A TOUGH CASE T'CRACK, SHERIFF.



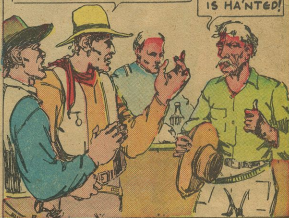
BEN JOHNSON, SHERIFF OF RED CITY, STOPS TO REST AFTER A TRYING DAY—

HERE COMES SCRAWNY JOE!



BEEN SEEIN' ANY MORE GHOSTS AT TH' GHOST TOWN, JOE?

YUH MARK MY WORD, THET PLACE IS HA'NTED!



I GOT NEED TO RELAX. WHO'S GOIN' WITH ME TO LOOK INTO THIS GHOST O' JOE'S?

NOT ME SHERIFF. I AIN'T TAKIN' NO CHANCES!

SORRY BUT I GOT TA BE A-GOIN' HOME!



I'LL BE A-GOIN' WID YUH. I AINT SKEERED O' NO GHOSTS!

ME NEITHER, I'LL GO, TOO.

ALL RIGHT. LETS GET ALONG.



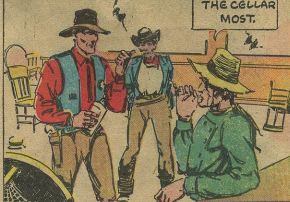
LET'S STOP AT THE HOTEL,
FIRST. SEEMS A GHOST'D BE
LIKE TO WANT MORE ROOMN
THEM OTHER SHACKS HAS.

FAIR
ENOUGH.



SUPPOSE THE GHOST'D
SERVE US WITH A DRINK?

HMM, DUNNO.
I HEARD
TELL HE
TAKES T'
THE CELLAR
MOST.



MIGHTY SPOOKY!

SHERIFF, COME QUICK!



LOOK!

BY GOLLY! SEEMS LIKE WE'RE-



EEEE-EEEE E-E-



HELP!



HELP, SHERIFF! IT'S GOT ME!



THET OLD WING IS SHORE POWERFUL!



SO THESE ARE THE GHOSTS! BEEN ROBBIN' AN' MURDERIN' AN' HIDIN' YORE VICTIMS! THOUGHT SCRAWNY JOE'D SCARE EVERYONE OUT O' LOOKIN' HERE!



ACE & DEUCE



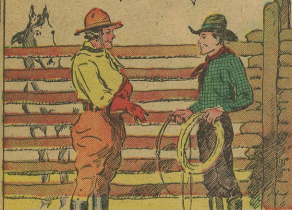
HERE ARE SOME NEW
GUESTS FOR YOU BOYS
TO TAKE CARE OF!

PLEASD TO
MEETCHA!



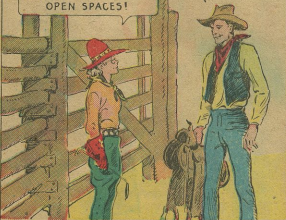
I CAME OUT HERE TO
RIDE HORSEBACK AND
REDUCE!

YES'M—I RECKIN
MEBBY YUH WILL!



I HOPE TO GAIN SOME
WEIGHT WHILE I'M OUT
HERE IN THE GREAT
OPEN SPACES!

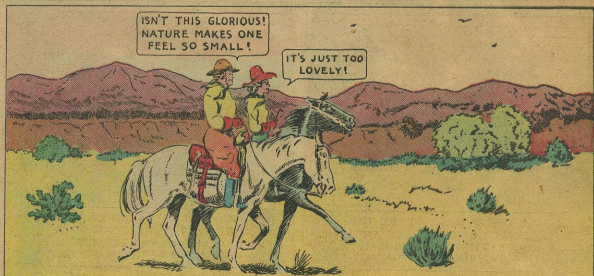
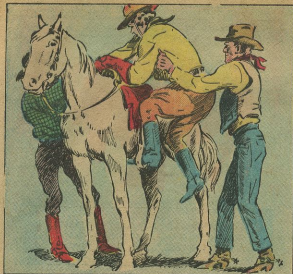
THAT'LL BE RIGHT
NICE, MAM.



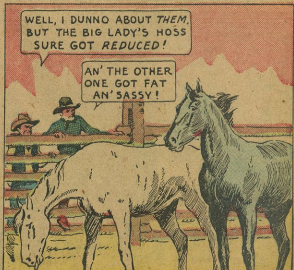
BOY, I FEEL SORRY FUR THE HOSS
THAT HAS TO PACK THAT BIG BERTHA!

I RECKIN THAT BIG
SORREL'S ELECTED!





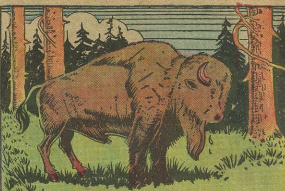
TWO WEEKS LATER.



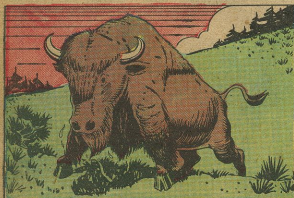
THE OLD ONE

by
**NORMAN
DANIELS**

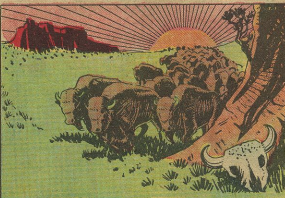
A STORY OF THE WEST THAT WAS.



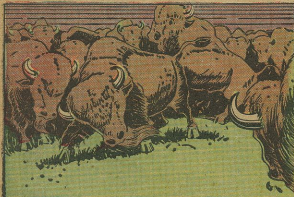
FORTY YEARS OLD, ALMOST A LIMIT
FOR A BISON, THE OLD ONE WAS
WISE IN THE WAYS OF THE WORLD.



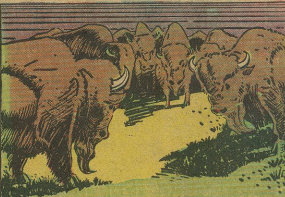
OUT OF THE NORTH CAME THE
THUNDER OF HUNDREDS OF
HOOFS. THE OLD ONE KNEW
THAT A HERD WAS COMING.



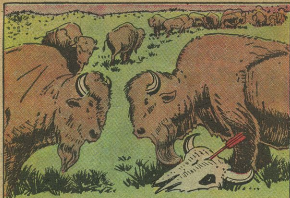
FROM THE DEEP NORTH WHERE
NOT EVEN THE INDIAN HAD
REACHED, CAME A HERD SEEKING
NEW ACRES OF FEEDING GROUND.



THE LEADER OF THE HERD GRUNTED
AWARNING WHEN HE SAW THE
LONE, HOARY BISON BLOCKING
HIS PATH.



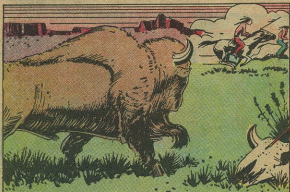
PUZZLED BY THIS SOLITARY BISON,
THE LEADER APPROACHED INTENT
ON DEMANDING AN EXPLANATION
AS TO WHY THE OLD ONE WAS ALONE.



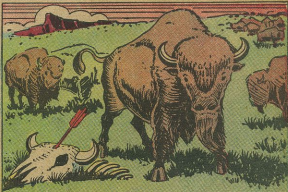
THE OLD ONE EXPLAINED THAT HIS HERD HAD BEEN DESTROYED BY PUNY TWO-LEGGED ANIMALS WHO FIRED BARBED STICKS.



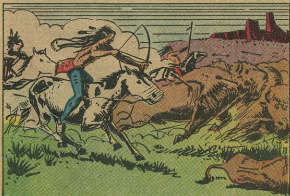
EVEN AS HE SPOKE, THE ENEMIES OF THE OLD ONE SPIED ON THE HERD. TWO INDIANS SAW THE MILLING BEASTS.



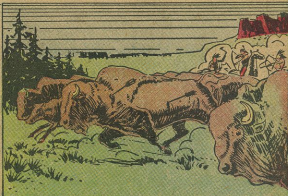
THE LEADER OF THE HERD SAW HUMANS FOR THE FIRST TIME. HE SNORTED IN CONTEMPT AT THE FRAIL CREATURES.



SCOFFING AT THE OLD ONE, THE HERD GRAZED, DELIGHTED AT THE SWEET MOIST GRASS. ACCEPTED BY THE HERD THE OLD ONE STOOD VIGILANT GUARD.



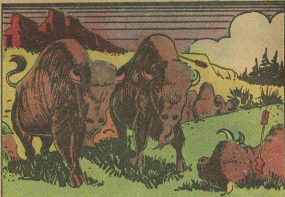
THEY CAME, THESE TWO-LEGGED ANIMALS, AND FIRED THEIR STRANGE BARBS WHICH STUNNED AND KILLED. THE HERD WAS HELPLESS.



ROUTED AND DISMAYED, THE LEADER LED THE RETREAT, AHEAD OF HIM THE OLD ONE THUNDERED TO SAFETY.



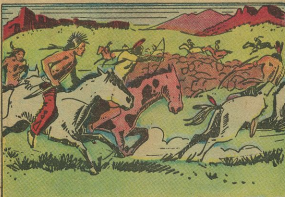
"GO BACK," THE OLD ONE ADVISED, "EVEN IF THE GRASS IS SHORT AND THE SNOW IS DEEP. YOU ARE SAFER."



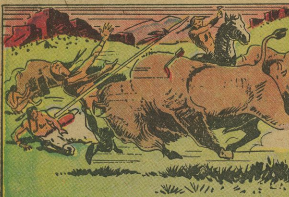
BUT THE LEADER PROTESTED THAT SHEER NUMBERS AND WEIGHT OF THE HERD SHOULD BE ABLE TO KILL OFF THESE TWO-LEGGED ANIMALS.



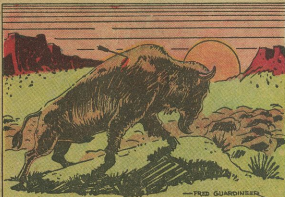
THEY WERE SUDDENLY HEMMED IN. THE BARBED STICKS FLEW FAST AND THICK. IN DESPERATION THE LEADER TURNED TO THE OLD ONE FOR ADVICE.



THE OLD ONE EXPLAINED THAT THEIR ONLY HOPE WAS FOR ALL TO CHARGE STRAIGHT AT THEIR ENEMIES AND NOT TO STOP.



NOTHING COULD STOP THE HERD OF CHARGING BISON. INDIANS AND HORSES WENT DOWN LIKE NINE PINS.



—FRED GUARDNEER

NOW HEEDING THE OLD ONE, THE LEADER TOOK HIS HERD TOWARD THE NORTH AND SAFETY. BUT EVEN INTO THE UNEXPLORED SNOW COUNTRY SOON WOULD COME PALER SKINNED MEN WITH FIRE STICKS FAR DEADLIER THAN ARROWS.

RED Cloud



HAD MANY
SECRET TALKS
WITH GEN. CUSTER
BUT THE GEN-
ERAL DISTRUST-
ED HIM.



LEARNED THE ENGLISH
LANGUAGE, IN ORDER
TO TALK WITH THE
WHITE MAN IN THE
INTEREST OF HIS
TRIBE

RED CLOUD

SIOUX CHIEF
1822 ---- 1909

SPOKE BEFORE
U.S. SENATE AND PLEADED
THEIR CONSIDERATION
FOR HIS PEOPLE



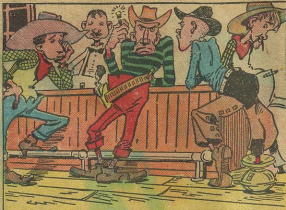
THOUGH HE HAD LEAD MASSACRES AGAINST THE WHITE MAN, HE MADE PEACE WITH
THE U.S.A. IN 1869 AND HELPED AS ARMY GUIDE AND ADVISOR IN INDIAN DIFFICULTIES

COWBOY JAKE

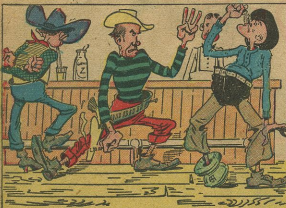
OF THE
Bar Mitz-vah Ranch



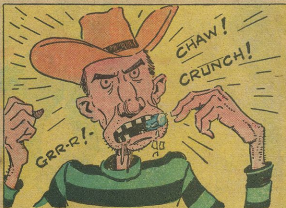
A bunch of the boys was "Vooping" it up
Over in Harrigans place.
Cowboy Jake was there, of course,
The pride and joy of his race.



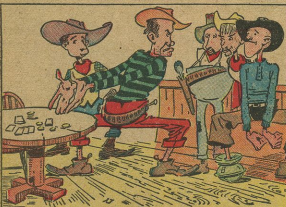
A cowboy tough was Red McGee!
He'd kill any one for a dime.
So he says in a voice, a very loud voice,
"Boys, lets have a good time!"



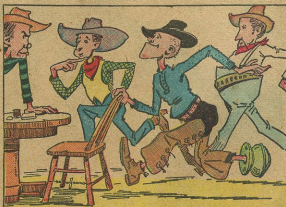
Step up to the bar and take what you want!
The drinks to-day are on me!"
The gang turned around and ordered their drinks,
And Jake he just ordered three!



To show you how tough this Red really was
He ordered a shot of good rye.
Then for a chaser he ate up the glass
Without even blinking an eye!



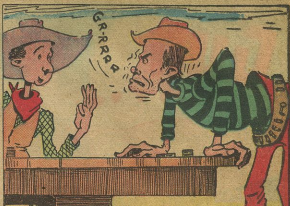
When they had finish Red said to the boys,
"I reckon you all are my pards,
So what do you say we sit down and play
A sociable game with the cards!"



"All right!" they replied in a minute,
Whether they meant it or not.
They all were afraid of Red and, you see,
Not one of them cared to be shot!



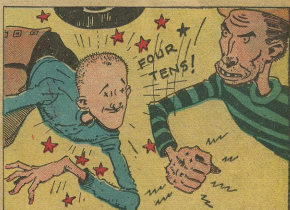
So each took a seat at the table,
Toting a gun on his hip.
Shuffled the cards and started to play
The game at a dollar a chip!



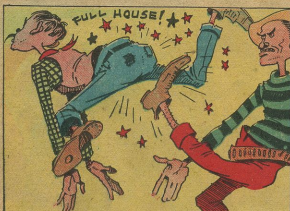
Dealing them out each one got a hand.
Then each one was starting to draw.
So they're asking to Jake, "How many you want?"
And Jake with a smile answered "Four!"



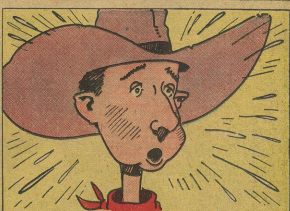
When every one drew each started to smile.
Nothing but grins on their faces!
So Jake to a look at his hand and, Oi-Oi!
Holding right there is four aces!



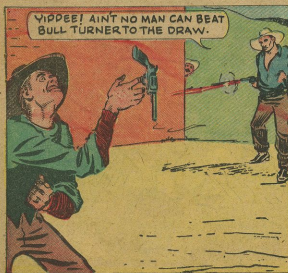
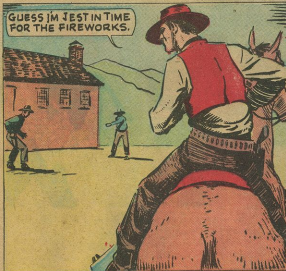
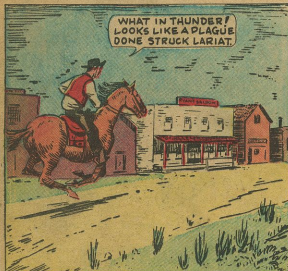
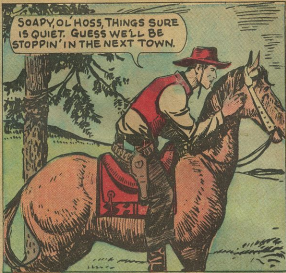
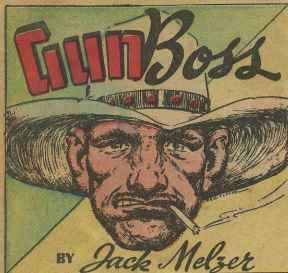
So they bet and they bet till Red called a halt;
The pot on the table was high!
The first fellow said, "I'm holding four tens!"
So Red knocked him right in the eye.

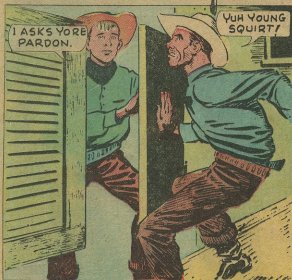


Another one said, "I'm holding a straight!"
He was hit right in the jaw!
When the next fellow said, "I got a full house!"
Red knocked him down to the floor.



So Red turned to Jake, said "What have you got?"
He held in his hand a big glass.
So Jake only smiled and said in reply,
"Din't you hear me say that I pass?"





CANT NOWISE GO OUTSIDE. BULL
EMPTIES HIS SIX GUN AT ANYTHIN
IF HE WINS, AN' HE ALWAYS DOES.

LOOKS LIKE
MURDER
TO ME.



MAVERICK JACK IS STILL TOTIN'
BULL'S SLUG SO WHY SHOULD
THIS BULLET BE IN THE WALL.

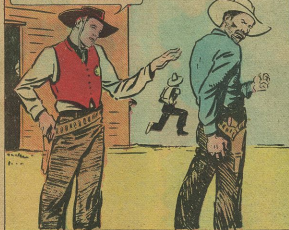


MAYBE THAT LOOKED LIKE A
FAIR FIGHT, BUT IM THINKIN'
YUH ARE A CHEAT.

RANGER OR NO
RANGER, THEM'S
FIGHTIN' WORDS.

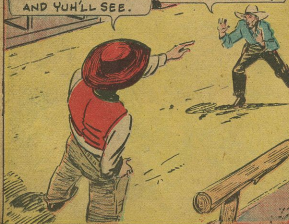


I NOTICES YUH WEARS A
RIGHT HANDSOME RING
ON YORE LEFT HAND.

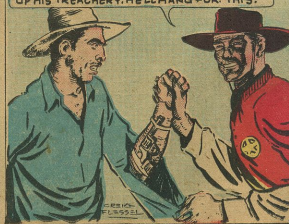


I KNOW YORE TRICK, BULL,
AN' I GOT ONE LIKE IT.
REACH FOR YORE IRON
AND YUH'LL SEE.

DONT SHOOT, RANGER!
YUH GOT THE DROP ON
ME, DONT SHOOT!



BULL GOT THE DROP BEFORE THE FIGHT STARTED.
WHEN HE POINTED HIS FINGER HE AIMED THIS
SLEEVE GUN AN' HE SHOT WILD TO COVER
UP HIS TREACHERY. HE'LL HANG FOR THIS.



FRANCISCO Villa



WAS A GOOD ORGANIZER. YOUNG MEN FROM THE FARMS AND MINES SWARMED TO HIS BANNER.



IN 1916 VILLA LEAD THE RAID ON COLUMBUS—NEW MEXICO AND KILLED 17 AMERICANS. AMERICAN FORCES INVAD-ED MEXICO, BUT VILLA ESCAPED AND CONTINUED HIS MAD CAREER.

BORN 1868 **FRANCISCO VILLA** DIED 1923



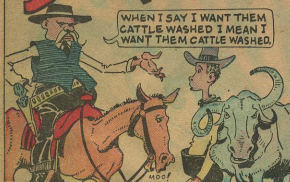
AFTER LEADING SEVERAL REVOLTS AGAINST HIS GOVERNMENT, HE MADE PEACE WITH IT IN 1920 AND BECAME A GENTLEMAN FARMER.



WAS KILLED BY A BAND OF OUTLAWS WHO HAD TRIED UNSUCCESSFULLY TO PERSUADE HIM TO JOIN WITH THEM TO FORM A NEW GOVERNMENT.

BOSS OF THE RANCH

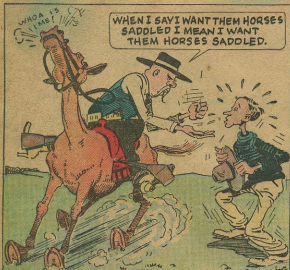
WHEN I SAY I WANT THEM
CATTLE WASHED I MEAN I
WANT THEM CATTLE WASHED.



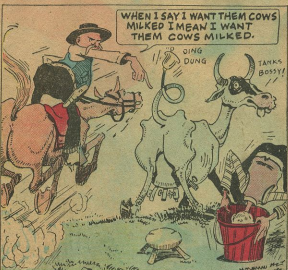
WHEN I SAY I WANT THEM
SHEEP TURNED OUT I MEAN I
WANT THEM SHEEP TURNED OUT.



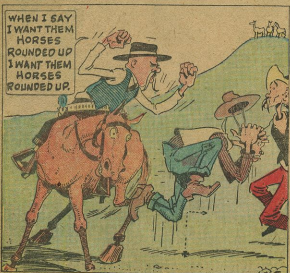
WHEN I SAY I WANT THEM HORSES
SADDLED I MEAN I WANT
THEM HORSES SADDLED.



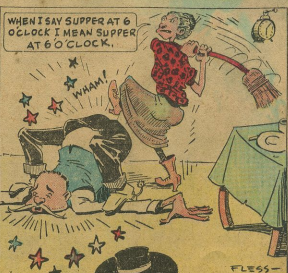
WHEN I SAY I WANT THEM COWS
MILKED I MEAN I WANT
THEM COWS MILKED.



WHEN I SAY
I WANT THEM
HORSES
ROUNDED UP
I WANT THEM
HORSES
ROUNDED UP.



WHEN I SAY SUPPER AT 6
O'CLOCK I MEAN SUPPER
AT 6 O'CLOCK.

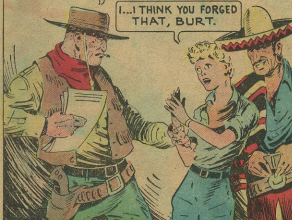


Wanted FOR MURDER



SO YOU CALL ME LIAR? LOOK, HERE'S THE DEED TO THE RANCH, SIGNED BY YORE FATHER.

I...I THINK YOU FORGED THAT, BURT.



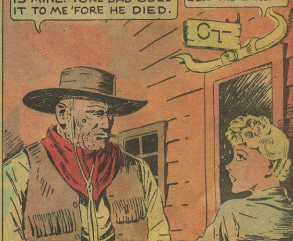
'SCUSE ME, MA'AM, AM I HEADED RIGHT FOR THE CIRCLE-T?

YES. I'VE JUST COME FROM THERE...I HAD SOME TROUBLE.



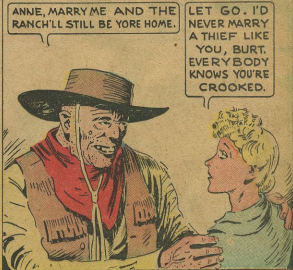
MISS ANNE, THIS RANCH IS MINE. YORE DAD SOLD IT TO ME 'FORE HE DIED.

BURT, HE WOULDN'T SELL THE CIRCLE-T!



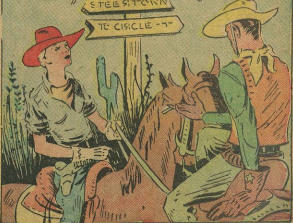
ANNE, MARRY ME AND THE RANCH'LL STILL BE YORE HOME.

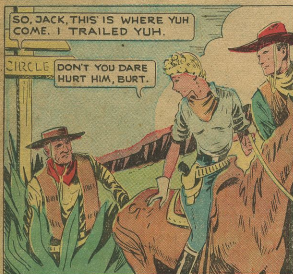
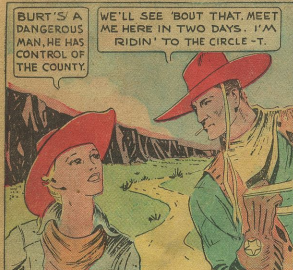
LET GO. I'D NEVER MARRY A THIEF LIKE YOU, BURT. EVERYBODY KNOWS YOU'RE CROOKED.

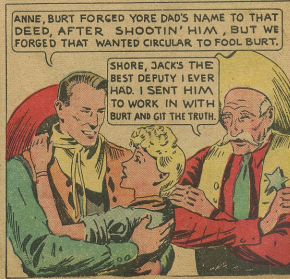
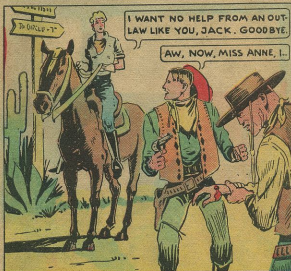
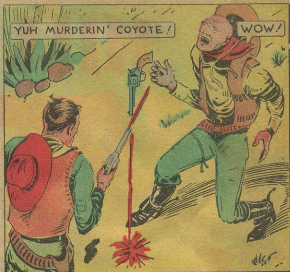


AND, JACK, SINCE YOU ASKED, THAT'S THE STORY.

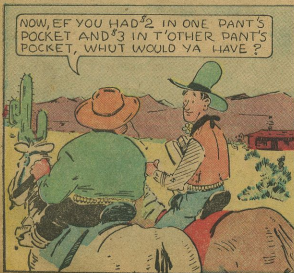
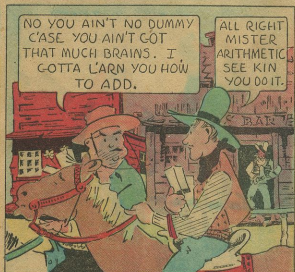
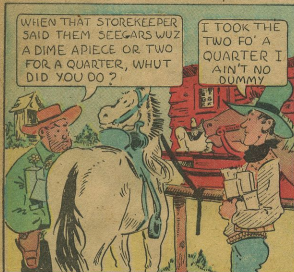
SO NOW BURT CLAIMS THE CIRCLE-T. I SURE WANT TO HELP YOU, MA'AM.







Sam Hill



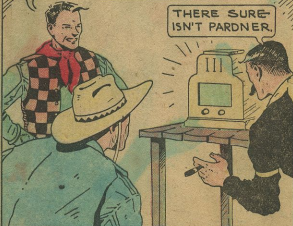
HOME *on the* RANGE

YOU SEE IT'S ONE OF THEM TELEVISION SETS, JUST TURN IN ON HERE AND YOU GET THE SINGING.

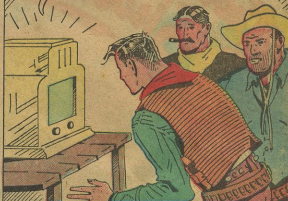


THERE AIN'T NUTHIN' LIKE THEM THERE COWBOY DITTIES, IS THERE BOYS ?

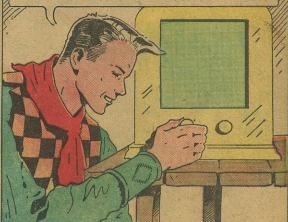
THERE SURE ISN'T PARDNER.



CARRY US BACK TO THE WESTERN RANGE, WE'LL LEAVE HERE IN THE MORN. OH, HOW WE MISS THE GOLDEN WEST, OUT WHERE WE WERE BORN.



NOW YOU SEE WHEN YOU TURN THIS ONE YOU SEE WHO IS SINGING - THAT'S THE TELEVISION IDEA.



GET ALONG LITTLE DOGGIE, GET ALONG.



COWBOYS - BAH !

BORN IN THE WEST, EH !

DRUGSTORE COWBOYS THAT'S WHAT THEY IS !



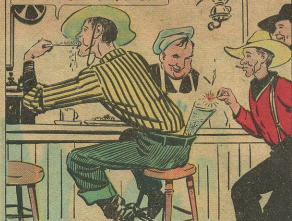
THE

Trouble Shooters

by **GEORGE NAGLE**

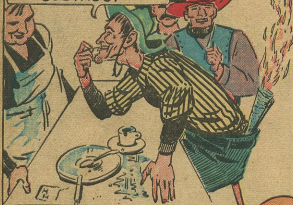
YES SUH, WE ALL'S INVITED
TO BE PLAY ACTORS UP
AT THE DUDE RANCH.

VALENTINE'S
DAY STUFF, HUH?



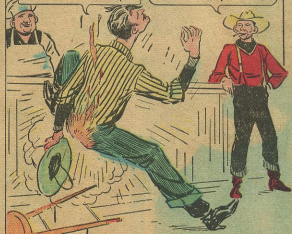
ME, I GIVES WOOGY THE
JOB O' CUPID. BUT HE SAYS
HE'S GOTTA WEAR SOME
CLOTHES!

YEH! I HEARD TELL
WOOGY'S MADDEN'N
A HORNE TOAD.

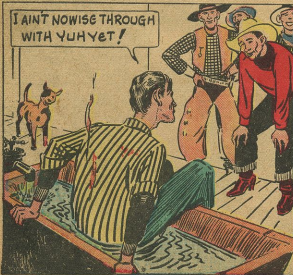


YUH DID THAT, YUH
SIDEWINDER!

PLAY CUPID, AM I?

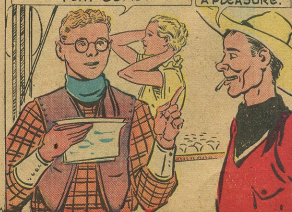


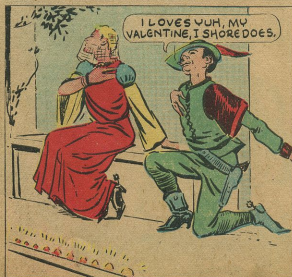
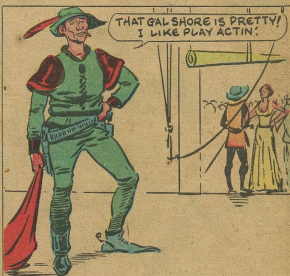
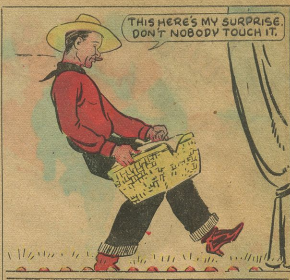
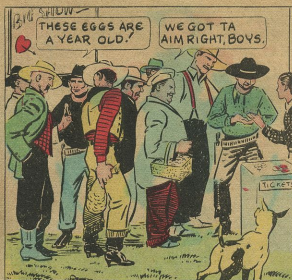
I AIN'T NOWISE THROUGH
WITH YUH YET!

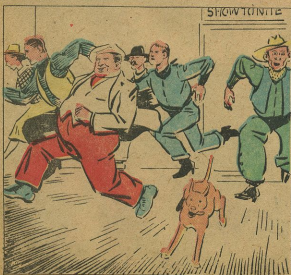


LISTEN CAREFULLY, WOOGY. YOU
ARE TO MAKE LOVE TO THAT
GIRL. YOU DON'T HAVE TO
PLAY CUPID.

MIGHTY NICE OF
YUH, MR. VAN DER
SUIP. IT'LL BE
A PLEASURE.





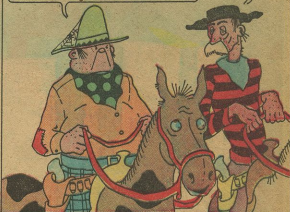


"GOPHER" MOORE



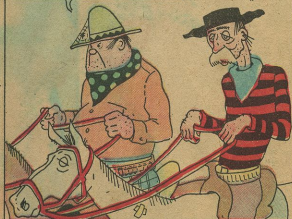
YOU SHORE ARE ONE DUMB
GALOOT, GOPHER. YOU DON'T
EVEN KNOW WHEN TO SAY
"THANK YOU!"

I DO SO!



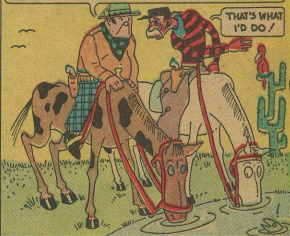
WAL, I'LLTRY YOU.SUPPOSIN'
YOU HAD A DOG AN' HE
WAS STARVIN'.

I'D BUY HIM
A STEAK.



SUPPOSIN' YOU HAIN'T GOT NO MONEY, YOU'D STOP
AT A RANCH HOUSE AND ASK FOR SOME SCRAPS FOR THE DOG.

THAT'S WHAT
I'D DO!

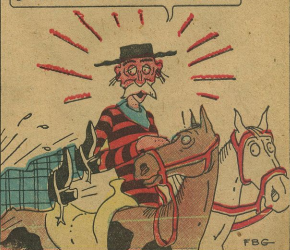


AN' WHEN THE COOK GIVES YOU SOME ROAST
BEEF, MASHED POTATOES, GREEN PEAS, AND
SUCH, WHAT WOULD YOU SAY ?

WHY, I'D SAY...



D'YA MIND IF I EAT IT HERE ?



SOMETIME "FOOL'S GOLD" CAN BE MIGHTY VALUABLE

by
TOM CURRY

Jed Black was proud of his responsibility. Harry Mills, his boss, and owner of the Circle Star spread, had left him in full charge at the ranch, trusting in Jed's ability to protect his valuable possessions.

There had been a long drought and the creeks and waterholes supporting the Circle Star steers had one by one gone dry, until the cattle were dying off in droves. The rain had failed to come and Mills decided to drive his stock over to the Arkansas tributaries where they would survive. He needed every hand he could get to help, so that only Ah Chang, the Chinese cook, and Old Baldy, the wrangler, over sixty and so badly crippled with rheumatism he could not ride far, had been left with Black.

"You shouldn't have any trouble," Mills said as he sat his saddle, ready to start. "Unless Snake Lewis should come over this way. He don't cotton to me since we chased him out of the county."

Black nodded solemnly, braced his broad shoulders. He knew Snake Lewis, the bandit, who raided through three states with his hard-riding gang.

"And while I'm gone," Mills went on, "try to reach water in the new well we got started behind the barn."

Jed watched them ride off, disappearing at last in a cloud of dry dust.

Two days passed without incident, Black spending his time digging deeper into the reddish clay of the well. The shaft was perpendicular, about forty feet deep, with shoring halfway down, though the clay was so sticky below that Black did not bother to continue the reinforcement.

That morning as he was digging, the sun crept over the well's lip and struck scintillatingly on something shining through a vein of rotten quartz. "Gold!" muttered Jed. He knelt, dug some out with his knife. Reaching the surface by way of the rickety ladder he turned the lump over and over in his hand.

"What you got?" It was Old Baldy at his elbow. "Look—gold, Baldy!"

Now Baldy had been a prospector in his time. He avidly seized the chunk of quartz and examined it. Then he began to snicker, fangless gums showing. "Ha," he laughed. "This is iron pyrites, 'fool's gold,' son. That's a good one!" He slapped his ancient thigh.

The disappointed waddy returned to the well. In the afternoon he struck a tiny spring that filled the bottom of the hole. He paused to wipe the sweat off his face, and suddenly heard yells and shooting from above. Rushing up the shaky ladder he stared toward the ranch house. Several saddled ponies stood in the yard, and six tough-looking men with drawn guns were also visible.



One was a very tall, rangy fellow with a horse's face and a set sneer on his upper lip, adorned also with a small black mustache. At his boots groveled Old Baldy, shot down as he had tried to put up a defense.

Jed Black recognized Snake Lewis. The kitchen door flew open and out raced Ah Chang, lips a straight line as he ran full speed for the tall timber.

Black cursed, ran for the corral fence where he had hung his gunbelt—digging with it on had been a nuisance; it kept getting in his way. Perhaps the fact that he was unnamed saved his life at the moment, for instead of shooting him down the bandit chief ran and cut him off, Colt .45 covering the puncher.

"Stop where you are," cried Lewis. Jed stopped; he knew that he would die at once if he failed to obey. Deep charrin rushed through him; he had fallen down on his job. Lewis had got wind that the Circle Star was almost ungarded and had come down from the wild hills to pay his score against Mills.

The other bandits joined Snake Lewis, and they punched Black around, knocking him down, kicking him, until they tired of that. Then Lewis growled, "I'm hungry. Let's have a barbecue, boys. There's some nice fat cows over in that corral."

"Say, those are bare cattle, wuth five hundred apiece," cried the stricken Black.

Snake laughed at him. "Just what I like for steak. You, Bolls, get busy and make a fire."

"Where's the woodshed?" the pimply-faced bandit inquired.

Lewis said, "Don't let that worry you. There's a handy dry shack. Pull off what wood you want."

Bolls grinned, picked up a crowbar and ripped side boards off a storehouse. While he was making the fire, Snake pushed Jed Black ahead of him into the big house. The vandals started through it, shooting holes in the walls, destroying in wanton fashion. In the kitchen they broke into the store of canned goods, eating what they fancied, shooting slugs into the rest.

Black regarded the destruction with horror. Reading his feelings, Snake Lewis grinned and said, "When I get through you'll never know this place stood here, 'cept for the ashes. It's took me a long time to get even with the Circle Star but I'm sure doin' it now."

The stricken waddy licked his dry lips. One eye was swollen almost shut from a punch dealt him by Snake, and he was covered with bruises. But it was his pride that hurt most, since he had failed his boss.

Then a wild idea came to him, and he said boldly,



ILLUSTRATED BY
FRED GUARDINEER

SOMETIMES "FOOL'S GOLD" CAN BE MIGHTY VALUABLE

"What's the difference, Lewis? Harry Mills can buy a dozen spreads like this one."

Lewis, spearing a succulent peach from a can with his knife, paused and stared. Then he asked, "What you mean?"

Jed Black shrugged, shut his lips, and shook his head. Snake, face clouding over, took a step toward him. "What you mean," he repeated, slapping Jed's mouth. "Has Mills got money?"

Jed Black acted confused, as though he had let slip an important secret. "I ain't sayin' a thing," he declared.

Another bandit, who had overheard them, said, "Make his squawk, Snake. There may be cash hid around here."

Lewis stuck out his lower jaw. "Talk," he snapped.

But Jed only shook his head.

The bandit chief ordered, "Drag him outside. I guess Boils has that fire built now."

Near the blazing flames lay one of the expensive breeders Harry Mills took such pride in. Boils had shot it through the head and was skinning it for the barbecue. Two men held Jed Black, one at either elbow, close to the fire. The waddy felt the hot breath of it, and he knew that unless his desperate plot clicked they would not pause now until he was dead. He waited until Snake Lewis thrust the end of a red hot brand at his eyes.

"Don't," he cried, feigning extreme terror.

"Hold him tight," ordered Snake, "and we'll soon know what he does." He touched the waddy's bronzed cheek with the burning stick and Jed recoiled.

"I'll—I'll talk," he howled, "We—we got a gold mine here!"

Snake's eyes narrowed to slits. "Gold?" he repeated, and each bandit repeated the word. It was what they had sold their souls for.

"Yeah, over there in the hole behind the bunkhouse. It's so thick you can pick it out with your fingers. We have kept it a close secret."

The barbecue was forgotten as they dashed to the well. Snake Lewis took Jed Black over with the others. "You go down, Boils," he ordered, as they reached the deep hole, "and see if he's tellin' the truth." And he glowered at Black, adding, "If you've lied I'll shoot your insides out, savvy?"

Boils descended into the dark shaft, down the spider ladder, creaking under his weight. He struck a match below, as the others craned their necks over the rim. "There's somethin' down here," bawled Boils, "and it sure looks like gold!"

Jed Black knew they would tear him to pieces in their disappointment, once they found it was only pyrites. He said loudly, "We had it assayed, it's rich! Virgin metal!"

There was a rush for the ladder as the bandits greedily went down to see the gold for themselves. Black had counted on that reaction. Snake Lewis, guarding him, stood close to the brim as his men crowded below.



"It sure is gold," an enthusiastic outlaw shouted. "Can't see so good down here but we'll bring some up."

Snake knelt eagerly by the ladder. "One of you guys—come up and give me a chance," he ordered. Jed knew he would never have a better opportunity than at that moment. Snake had his gun in his hand but in the instant he spoke to his men



below he had shifted the round black muzzle off his prisoner. With lightning speed, Jed dove in, head butting Snake in the back. He felt the shock of the contact, then Snake Lewis, with a wild cry, pistol going off in the air, toppled forward into the well.

Their leader's sudden arrival from above shocked his men. Snake crashed down hail on their heads. Jed Black, breath fast, grasped the ladder and

jerked it up. Boils, first to recover, began shooting up at him. Bullets clipped close to Black's face, one burned along his scalp but he had the ladder.

Snake was groaning. "I'm hurt, boys. My shoulder's busted. Get me out of here quick."

Jed was running for the house. In a closet he found a loaded rifle and returned to the well in time to see Boils' head appear over the rim. Those below had hoisted him to the board shoring, up which he had climbed. Jed fired a quick shot that sent Boils back down like a jack-in-the-box. He knelt, waited.

At last Snake Lewis called, "What'll yuh take to let us go, waddy?"

"You done a thousand dollars damage," growled Jed, rifle up. "You got to pay for it."

"Here—catch. Take it and let us ride." A roll of cash was flung from the well.

Jed picked it up, stuffing it in his pocket. He felt better, at least he could pay for what had been destroyed. "You'll git out soon as I figger it's safe," he said.

There was a howl of rage. "When we git our hands on you, we'll tear you to pieces," bawled Lewis.

The sun was a huge red ball in the sky, and Jed wondered how he could ever guard that hornet's nest when night fell. They would surely get out in the darkness and then they would kill him, burn the ranch.

He dragged over some wood and lighted up a fire near the well, hoping that he might be able to stop them, but as darkness came he realized he could not hold them long. Besides, he was utterly worn out, sleep clutching at his lids.

He heard them, as they stealthily tried to get to the top. He knew that it was only a question of time until he collapsed. Then the sound of pony hoofs, and a band of men rode in from the west, the direction from which Snake and his gang had come.

One wore a sheriff's star and Jed Black sighed with relief.

"We seed this fire," the lawman said, from the saddle, "and that's what brought us over. We're after a killer named Snake Lewis and I got to ketch him. Have you seen him?"

"He's down in there," replied Jed, pointing to the well.

They quickly dismounted, and brought up the clay-stained, angry bandits, disarmed them.

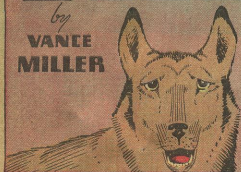
"What in tarnation made 'em go down in there?" asked the amazed sheriff.

"I told 'em it's a gold mine," Jed replied. "It's on'y pyrites but it sure looks pretty."

The sheriff laughed till the tears ran down his weathered cheeks. He slapped Jed on the back. "You sure done a fine job, and yore boss'll be mighty proud of you. Capturin' Lewis is wuth more'n any gold mine to me. If you ever run on another claim like that one, let me know so's I can stake it."

PAL

by
**VANCE
MILLER**



SHORE AS SHOOTIN' SHERIFF....
HE'S DEADER'N A PLUGGED COYOTE!

YOU SHORE YOU SEEN LONG
JOHN A-LAYIN' DEAD?

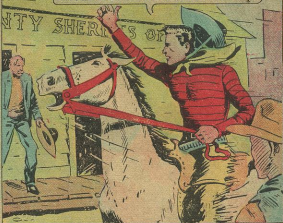


IT'S PORE JOHN, RIGHT ENOUGH. BUT IT
DONT LOOK LIKE HE'S BEEN SHOT.

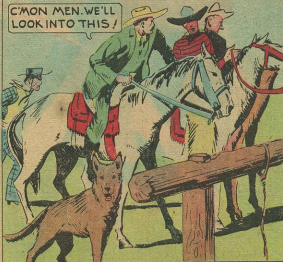
WONDER WHAT GOT HIM?



HI-THERE! GET THE SHERIFF /
LONG JOHN SHANNON'S BEEN
KILLED DOWN AT HIS MININ' CLAIM!

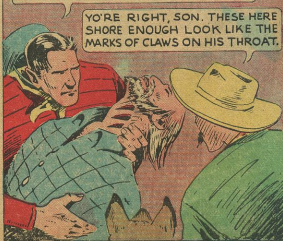


C'MON MEN. WE'LL
LOOK INTO THIS!



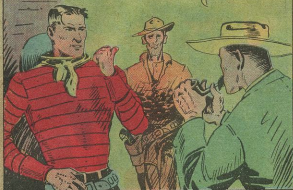
SAY, SHERIFF... / LOOKS LIKE JOHN'S
BEEN ATTACKED BY A MOUNTAIN LION!

YOU'RE RIGHT, SON. THESE HERE
SHORE ENOUGH LOOK LIKE THE
MARKS OF CLAWS ON HIS THROAT.



HERE COMES LONG JOHN'S PARDNER.
GUESS HE DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS.

YEH. I RECKON THIS'LL
BUST POOR SAM ALL UP.



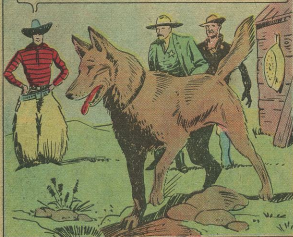
PORE JOHN. ME'N HIM'S BEEN PARDNERS NIGH
ON THIRTY YEAR, THROUGH THICK AN' THIN.

SHORE IS
TOUGH, SAM,
HE HAD TO
GO JUS'
WHEN YOU
TWO STRUCK
IT RICH.

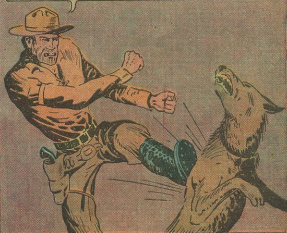
GIT DOWN, PAL
BE QUIET!



WHAT'S YORE DOG DIGGIN' AT, SHERIFF?

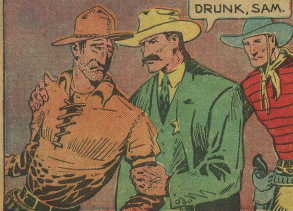


YOU ORNERY HOUND! QUIT YA DIGGIN'
UP MY PROPERTY! I'LL L'ARN YUH!



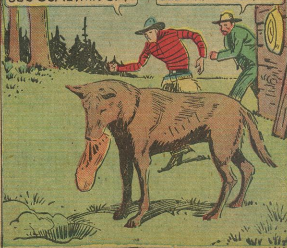
THET DOG O'YOURN SURE
HATES ME... AND I AIN'T
GOT NO USE FUR HIM!

GUESS HE AIN'T
NEVER FERGOT
THE TIME YUH
SHOT AT HIM
WHEN YUH WAS
DRUNK, SAM.



HEY, LOOK! PAL HAS
DUG SOMETHIN' UP!

GIVE IT HERE. WE'LL
SEE WHAT THIS MEANS.



THIS IS WHAT KILLED LONG JOHN! MEGEE KILLED HIM WITH THIS TO TRY TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE A LION GOT HIM.

SURE, THEN HE FIGURED HE'D HAVE THE WHOLE MINE FER HIMSELF, BUT PAL SNIFFED THIS OUT. WHERE'D HE GO?



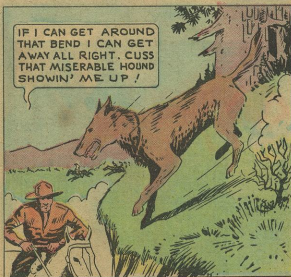
THERE HE GOES, THE ORNERY RAT! LET'S GIT 'IM, MEN!



THAT WAY, PAL. HEAD HIM OFF! HEAD HIM OFF!



IF I CAN GET AROUND THAT BEND I CAN GET AWAY ALL RIGHT. CUSS THAT MISERABLE HOUND SHOWIN' ME UP!

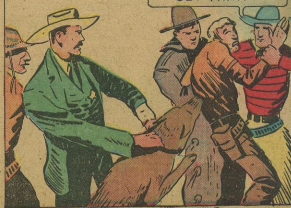


AWK! HELP... HELP!!



I SHOULD O'LET PAL KILL YUH, HANGIN'S TOO GOOD FOR YUH!

YOU OUGHTA MAKE PAL ONE OF YORE DEPUTIES, SHERIFF. WE'D NEVER O'CAUGHT MEGEE WITH OUT HIM.



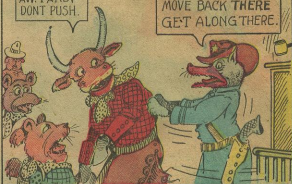
HOMELESS OSCAR

SHERIFF YOU'LL HAVE TO CLEAR THIS COURT ROOM.



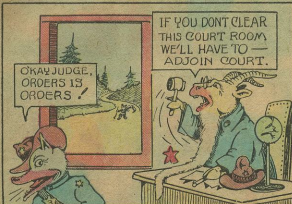
AW! PARD-DON'T PUSH.

MOVE BACK THERE GET ALONG THERE.

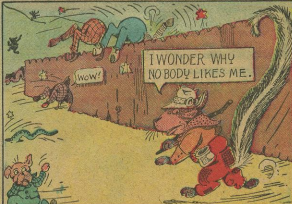


OKAY JUDGE, ORDERS IS ORDERS!

IF YOU DONT CLEAR THIS COURT ROOM WE'LL HAVE TO — ADJOIN COURT.



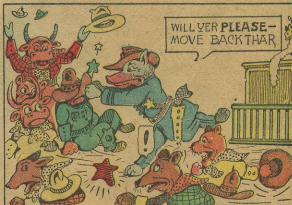
I WONDER WHY NO BODY LIKES ME.



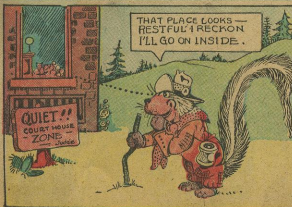
HAS'N'T YOUR BEST FRIEND SAID ANY THING TO YOU ?



WILL YER PLEASE— MOVE BACK THAR

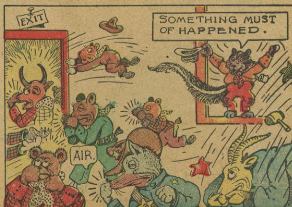


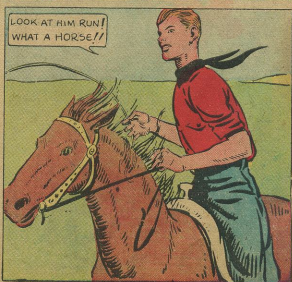
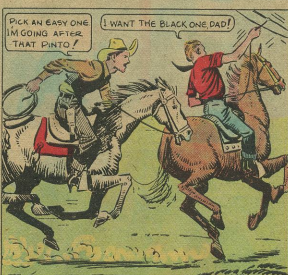
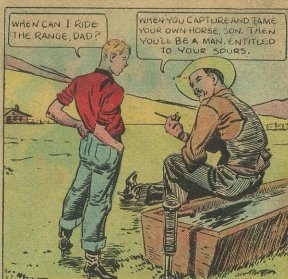
THAT PLACE LOOKS — RESTFUL I RECKON I'LL GO ON INSIDE .

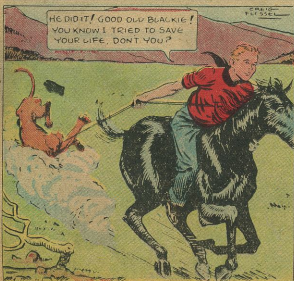
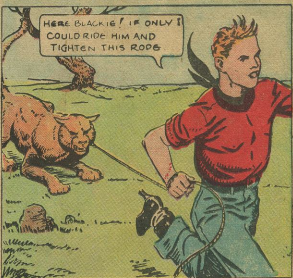
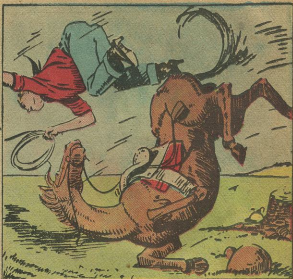


EXIT

SOMETHING MUST OF HAPPENED .







MIDNIGHT MOB



BALDY, YOUR CATTLE BROKE
ONTO MY RED VALLEY RANGE
LAST NIGHT AN' I'M ASKIN' YOU
ONCE MORE TO KEEP 'EM OFF.

FATHER,
BE CAREFUL!

KEEP OFF NOTHIN'!



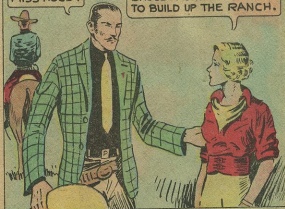
YORE FATHER TOOK
THAT LAND WITH HIS
MASKED RIDERS. AN'
I SUPPOSE THAT'S HOW
YOU AIM TUH KEEP IT!

MY FATHER'S DEAD,
BALDY, AN' THE MASKED
RIDERS HAVEN'T RUN
IN FORTY YEARS...



YORE DAD
HAVIN'
TROUBLE,
MISS ROSE?

DAD'S PRETTY PIGHEADED
ABOUT BRUCE DALY. NO MAT-
TER WHAT HIS FATHER DID,
BRUCE HAS WORKED HARD
TO BUILD UP THE RANCH.



I WISH YOU'D COME
HOME, DAD. YOU'RE
A LITTLE BIT UNFAIR
TO BRUCE!

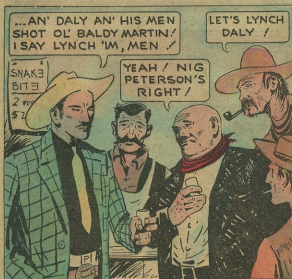
I'M STAYIN' WITH THE
HERD. I'LL SHOW DALY
HE CAN'T PUT ME OFF
LAND HE AIN'T GOT A
CLEAR TITLE TO!

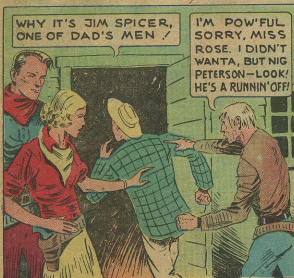


LISTEN / RIDERS COMIN' UP THE DRY
CREEK BED / BETTER GIT HOME, GAL!

I'M STAYIN', DAD / I
CAN SHOOT, TOO!







PANTO PETE



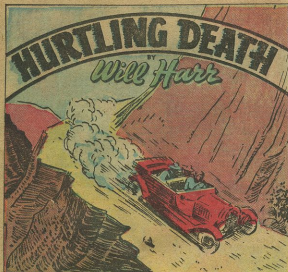


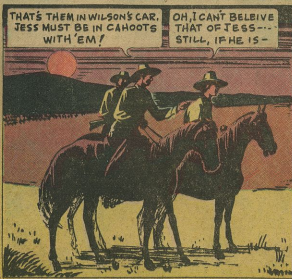
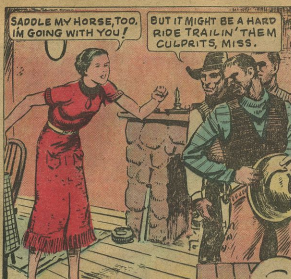
Curtiss Butterfinger

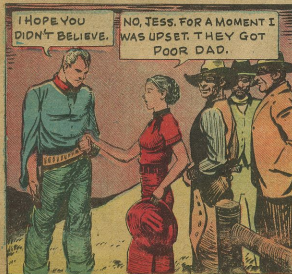
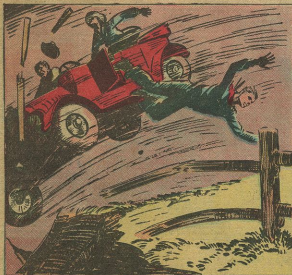
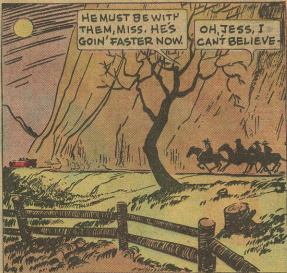
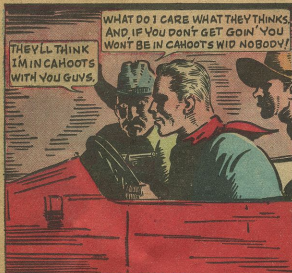
CURTISS CANDY COMPANY - OTTO SCHNERING PRES.

DELICIOUS · ENERGIZING CANDY

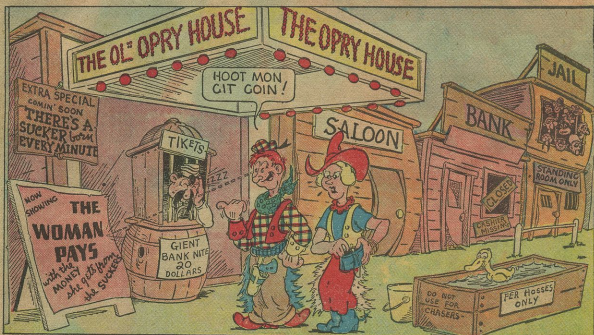
RICH IN DEXTROSE *The Sugar You Need for* ENERGY!







JEST THE TYPE



ON APPROVAL!



ENGINEERS WATCH

Accuracy guaranteed by 100-year-old million dollar FACTORY. Solid Gold effect case. Guaranteed 25 years. It has a handsome locomotive crown. Time-keeper dial. Railroad back. Compare with \$20.00 watches.

SEND ONLY 25 cents to cover postage, packing, etc. Your watch will be shipped by return mail postage fully prepaid. Continue monthly payments of \$2 each until total balance of \$4 is paid.

Nothing more to pay...

No further obligation. If you do not think it the richest and best looking watch you ever saw under \$20 your money will be returned. But you must act at once during this special sale to get this remarkable on approval privilege. Knife and chain to match included FREE.



WEAR AT OUR RISK

BRADLEY, Dept. 103, Newton, Mass.

- Here's 25 cents to cover postage!
- Ship Engineer's WATCH, Knife and Chain by RETURN MAIL.

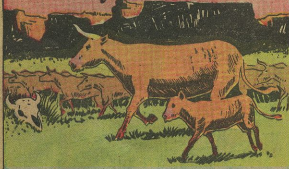
Name _____

Address _____

BRADLEY, National Jewelers,
 Newton, Mass.

VANISHING herd

by GEORGE HILL



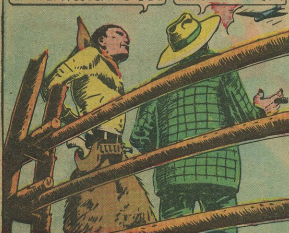
I SEE THAT PLANE
HEREABOUTS EVERY
DAY. D'YA KNOW
WHO OWNS IT?

THEY SAY IT BELONGS
TER THAT RICH CATTLE-
MAN UP THE RIVER, ZACH.



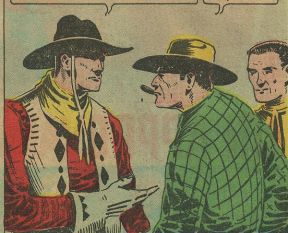
HIS SON DOES THE PILOTIN'. AN'
EASTERN EDUCATED BOY.

MIGHTY HI-FALUTIN'
FER RANCH FOLK, EH?



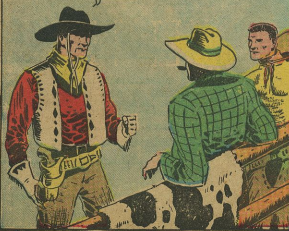
MR. FRETTER, THEY'S BEEN TEN
MORE HEAD RUSTLED LAST NIGHT.

DIDJA TRAIL
'EM, SWIFTY?



YEAH, BUT NO LUCK. THE
TRACKS END AT THE
RIVER BANK AGAIN.

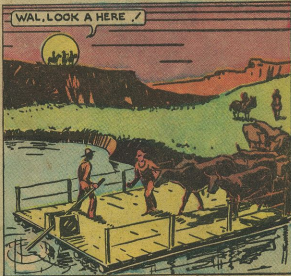
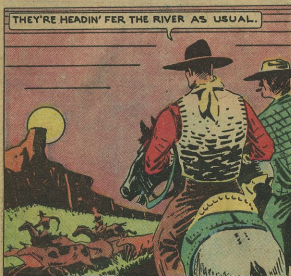
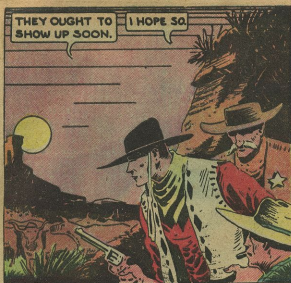
HOW FAR UP THE RIVER, DID
YOU TRAIL 'EM THIS TIME?



'BOUT TEN MILES UP AND
DOWN THE RIVER. COULDN'T
FIND A TRACE OF WHERE
THEY TOOK TO SHORE.

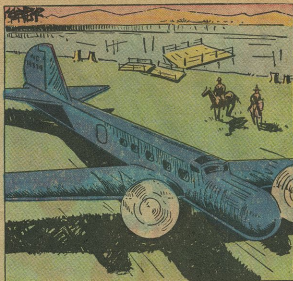
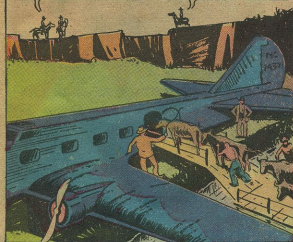
WE'LL GET THE
SHERIFF AND LAY
FOR 'EM TONIGHT.



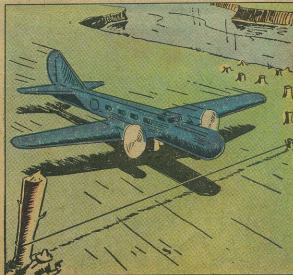
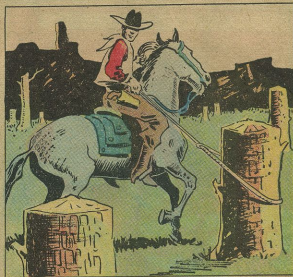
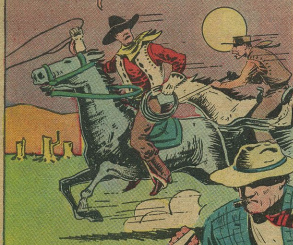


RUSTLIN' BY AIRSHIP/
THAT BEATS ALL HOLLOW.

NO WONDER I COULDN'T
TRAIL 'EM.



C'MON, WE GOTTA STOP THAT PLANE SOMEHOW!



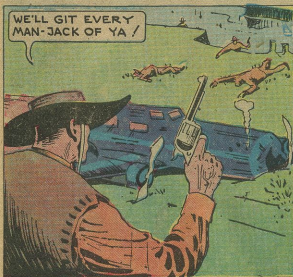
C'M OUT OF THET AIRSHIP,
YOU RUSTLERS /



COME AND GET US /



WE'LL GIT EVERY
MAN-JACK OF YA /



I'M GONNA GET THEM
CATTLE OUT OF THERE

THAT OUGHT TO SMOKE
THEM RUSTLERS OUT, TOO.



SO YOU'RE THE RICH CATTLE MAN,
HUH? YOU'RE NOBODY BUT MOSE
MULLINS, THE RUSTLER.

I'LL PUT YA BOTH
WHERE YA WON'T
GIVE HONEST FOLKS
NO MORE TROUBLE



FRED GUARDINER

Western Facts



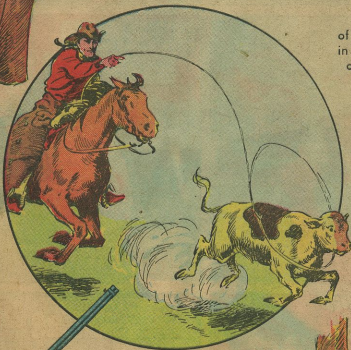
"CHAPS"

Short for
CHAPAREJOS
Are of different
styles, but are really
seatless leather
overalls



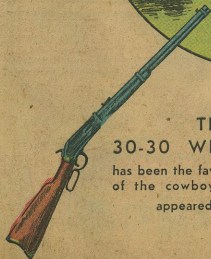
COWBOY BOOTS

of today are shorter
in the leg than those
of the old-timers.



A "MAVERICK"

is an unbranded
calf which has
been weaned
Having no mother
for identification
it is any one's
property



THE 30-30 WINCHESTER

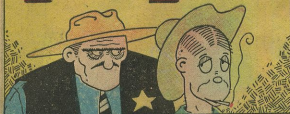
has been the favorite saddle-gun
of the cowboy ever since it
appeared in 1894



BOOTS FOR HORSES

sometimes used by cattle rust-
lers to disguise hoof-prints.

OKIE DOKE



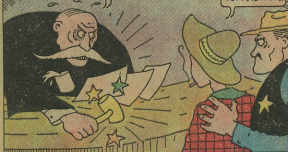
DIDN'T I TELL YOU I DIDN'T WANT
TO SEE YOU ANYMORE ?

YESSIR, JEDGE, THAT'S WHUT I
BEEN TELLIN' THIS SHERIFF HERE,
BUT HE JES' WON'T BELIEVE ME !



OKIE ...HOW MANY TIMES HAVE
YOU BEEN HERE BEFORE ?

69 TIMES,
JEDGE,
YER HONOR.



AREN'T YOU ASHAMED OF
YOURSELF, YOU LOAFER ?

NO, YER HONOR, I
AIN'T ASHAMED



...AND WHY AREN'T YOU ASHAMED TO
BE SEEN IN THIS COURT SO OFTEN ?



'CAUSE IF IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FER YOU JEDGE,
IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FER ME !!!

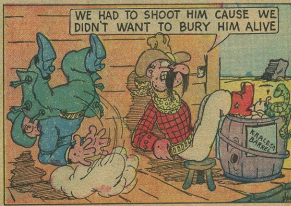
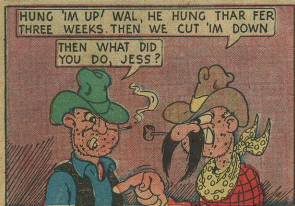
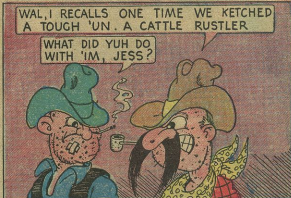
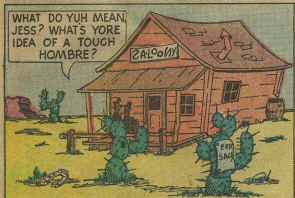
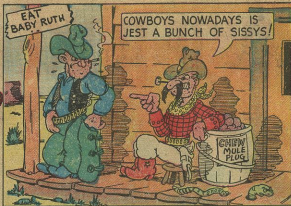


FRED GUARDINER

CURTISS ENERGIZING CANDIES

Butterfinger

RICH IN DEXTROSE



JUST OUT! NEW Streamlined "CHAMPION"

Other Mead \$19.95
 30 DAYS' TRIAL
 Hercules cost as little as

MEAD Ranger

Ride the grandest bicycle Mead has ever offered during nearly 50 years of leadership - and ride it on 30 days' trial! This new super-streamlined "Champion" features Floating-Ride Saddle, Built-in Speedometer, TWIN Headlights, Built-in Electric Horn, Side Kick Stand, etc. Nothing else like it! Return at OUR expense after 30 days' trial! WRITE!

CYCLE CO

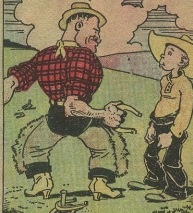
Mead

17 South Market St., Dept. B-36, Chicago, Ill.

BULL MOOSE



THAT MAKES 47 TO 50, AN' I WIN
AGAIN! HAW! HAW! THIS
GAME IS A CINC.



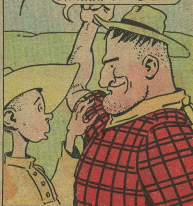
I SHORE WISH I COULD PITCH HORSESHOES LIKE YOU, BULL.

HAW! THAT AIN'T NUTHIN! IN MY
PRIME I COULD PITCH HORSE-
SHOES THAT WUZ STILL
TO A HORSE!!!



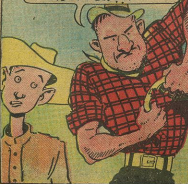
HOW'D YOU GET SO STRONG, BULL?

WAL-IT ALL DEPENDS
ON WHAT YOU EAT.

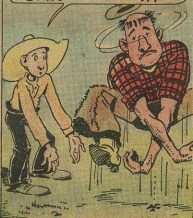


YOU MEAN WHAT YOU EAT MAKES
YOU WHAT YOU ARE?

SHORE, THAT'S IT! I'VE BEEN
EATIN' BEEF FOR THREE
MONTHS AND I'M STRONG
AS AN OX!!!



THAT'S THE BUNK! I'VE BEEN
EATING FISH FOR THREE
YEARS AND I CAN'T
SWIM A STROKE!!!



BIG MONEY!

ASSEMBLING MEAD'S NEW

Portable **KI-YAK**

**In a few Hours
AT HOME!**



Use
with
Paddle,
Dane Sail

Assemble your own Mead K1-Yak in a few hours at home from cut-to-fit construction kit—and save nearly half! 4 wonderful models. Take yours anywhere by hand, car, for paddling, sailing, rowing, outboard-ing, fishing, fishing, boating, camping. Safe. Leak-proof. Sea-worthy. Strong as granite.



OK-2, the Outboard Ki-Yak
Convertible to Sail or Rowboat



to-be construction left guaran-
tees increased, quickly assembly
also can make building with well

**PRICED LOW!**

PRICED LOW!
and **PAY AS YOU BUILD**

**\$6 PADDLE
GIVEN**
with your GK-KS
Yacht or Boat

Meat E-Yaks are unsurpassed, yet cost as little. Mail coupon below for awaiting low introductory prices. Giant Crockpot and \$1.00 Gift Paddle Offer. Hurry before prices go up!

Mail Coupon NOW!

Gentlemen: I am enclosing 10¢ as handling, postage charge. Please rush me your New Colored Circular showing ALL Men's Ki-Yak models, Low Introductory Prices and \$8 Gift Paddle Offer. (Please Print Plainly.)

NAME _____

STREET & NO.

[illegible]

RUSH ME WITH 10c TO:

MEAD GLIDERS

The WEST that WAS

CARRYING THE MAIL - THREE STAGES IN
THE DEVELOPEMENT OF THE WEST



THE PONY
EXPRESS

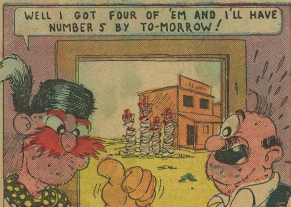
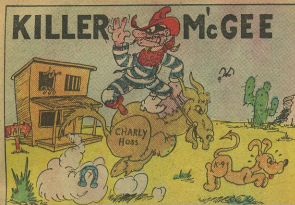
THE STAGE COACH



THE
RAILROAD



TODAY



Smoke Range

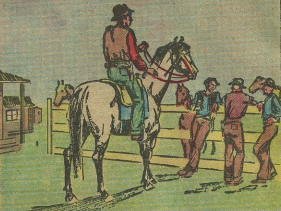
by James Sanders

TOMMY JACKSON ENVIED THE PEACE AND SERENITY OF THE GROUP OF NESTERS IN THE VALLEY

I'M AN ALL AROUND CATTLE HAND AN' I'M CRAVIN' ME A JOB.

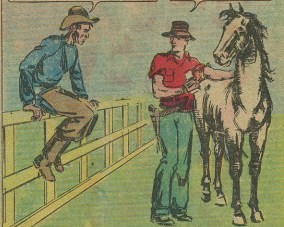
IF YA KIN SHOOT, AN' KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT, YA GOT A JOB.

THIS HERE PLACE LOOKS GOOD. WONDER IF I COULD GET ME A JOB?



JESS IS AGOIN' TER DRIVE THE NESTERS OUT O' THE VALLEY.

-THEY AIN'T HURTIN' NOBODY.



SEEMS LIKE THIS AIN'T A HEALTHY OUTFIT. GUESS I'LL PULL LEATHER, OLD HOSS.

WHOA, MIDNIGHT. WE'RE GOIN' TO HAVE COMPANY.



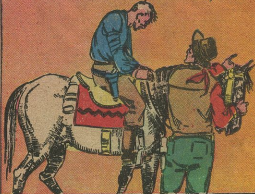
JESS SAID I TALKED
TOO MUCH, SO HE MADE
A TARGET OUTEN ME.

I'LL BE SEEIN'
JESS FOR, YA,
BUCK, AN' HELL
HAVE TA PULL
HIS HARD WARE
FAST.



NEVER MIND JESS OR ME,
WARN THEM NESTERS.
JESS IS SETTIN' A FIRE
TO BURN THEM OUT.

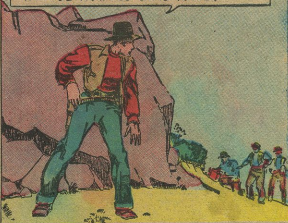
YOU WARN THE
NESTERS. I'LL
TAKE CARE
OF JESS.



THE WIND'S RIGHT FOR
A BIG FIRE. I HOPE
BUCK MAKES IT.

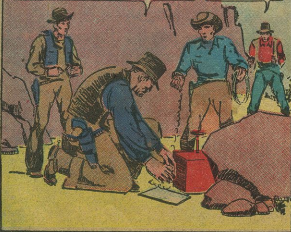


IF THEM BUZZARDS BLOW THE SIDE OF
THIS MOUNTAIN DOWN, THE NESTERS
WILL BE TRAPPED LIKE RATS.

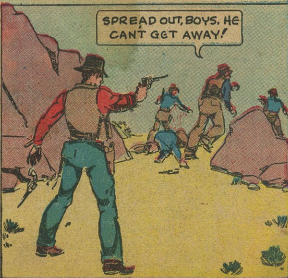


WHEN THEM NESTERS HEAD
OUT, WE'LL BURY 'EM.

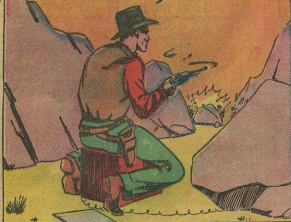
REACH, YA
BUZZARDS!



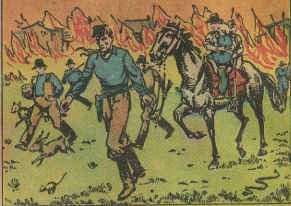
SPREAD OUT, BOYS. HE
CANT GET AWAY!



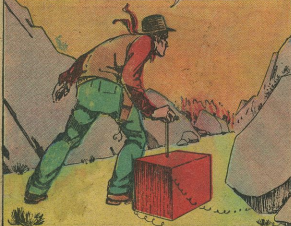
AIN'T GOT MUCH TIME. THAT
FIRE SURE IS COMIN' FAST.



LED BY BUCK, THE NESTERS RACED
AHEAD OF THE FLAMES FOR SAFETY.



DROP YORE HARDWARE, BOYS, OR I'LL
BLOW YA ALL TO KINGDOM COME!

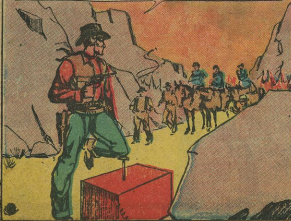


YA FOOL, THEM NESTERS
WILL BE BLOWN UP TOO.

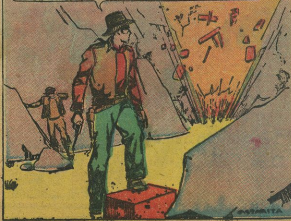
BETTER TA
BE BLOWN UP
THAN --
BURNED UP!



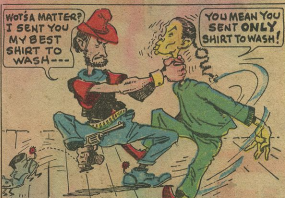
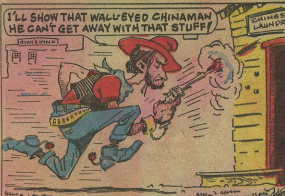
THEY ALL RIDE AND YOU MAVERICKS
HIGHTAIL FOR THE LAKE. I'M GOIN' TA
BLOW UP THIS RAVINE AN' STOP THE FIRE.



AIN'T NO BRUSH ON THE MOUNTAIN.
FIRE CAN'T NOWISE BURN THERE,
THEM NESTERS ARE SAFE.



HI-LEE HI-LOW



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Books, Including
Large Book Of
Comic Recitations



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Book of Riddles and Conundrums
Budget of Jokes
Budget of Irish Jokes
Book of Jokes, Conundrums and Riddles



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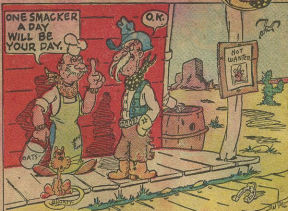
Wheman Bros.

377 Fourth Avenue
New York

LONESOME Luke



Lonesome Luke applied for a job.
That asked for a counter man
Said Luke, "I cook and serve as well;
I'm at home with the frying pan"



"All Right," said the Boss, "you're hired!"
You start on the job to-day.
Cook in the kitchen, serve all the meals
And your pay is a dollar a day!



You don't have to pay for meals that you eat
All of that goes with the job
The regular meal with coffee and pie
And extra, like corn on the cob"



Luke just replied, "Now listen here, Boss!
Please don't get angry and sore!
If I have to eat any meals that I cook,
I'll have to get ten dollars more!"

CURTISS ENERGIZING CANDIES

Baby Ruth

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The World's greatest array of Comic Features
is to be found in America's Greatest Humor Publication

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64 PAGES
OF COLORFUL
COMICS

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BOYS . . . *Buy a copy for Dad*

10¢



NRG Pick-Ups are designed in size and dissolve quickly in the stomach's natural environment and

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